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Bradley Gilman.

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In re State vs. Forbes.
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The Great Power.
Henry Oyen.

The Typewriter That Laughed.
$100 Prize.
Arthur Stanley Riggs.

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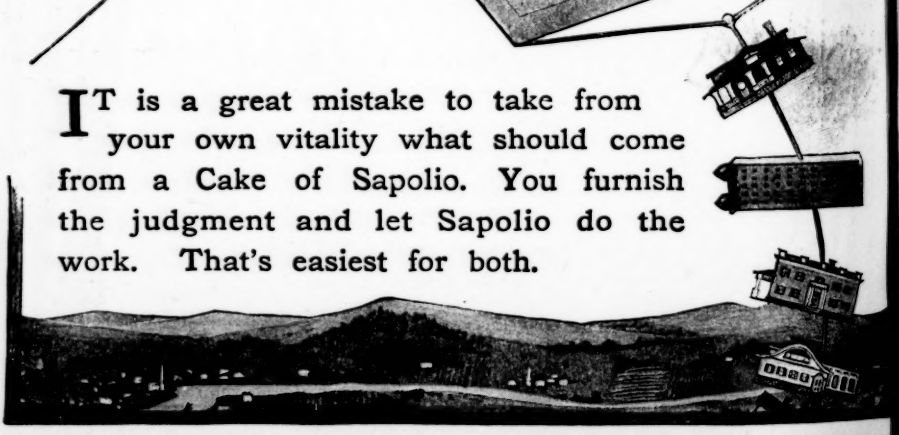

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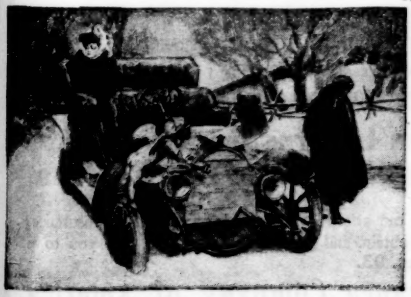

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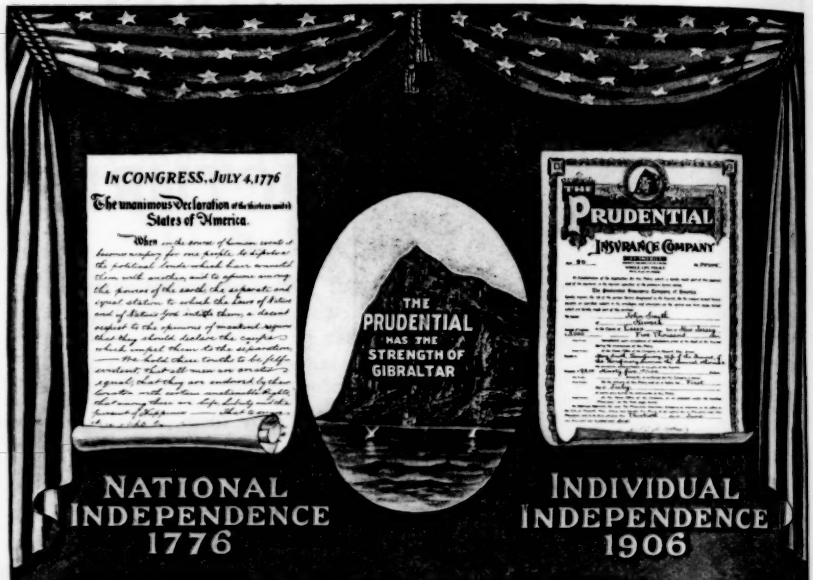
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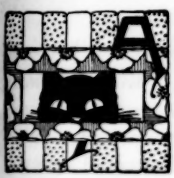
The Prayer-rug of Shah Abbas the Great.*

BY BRADLEY GILMAN.



DISTRUSTFUL furrow between the horn-rimmed spectacles of the dignified old Curator's gray eyes relaxed, as he accepted my visiting card. Probably the words, "United States Consular Service," caused this change, and when I further presented to him a letter of introduction, saying, "From your son in Budapesth," a glow of kindliness overspread his russet face.

"So you vary your official routine with the pursuits of the antiquary?" He murmured urbanely, as he read, — having removed from his lips his jasmine-stemmed pipe with its be-jewelled bowl.

I explained, "My official duties bring me to Constantinople, and my interest in antiquities of course draws me to the Ottoman Museum."

The Curator bowed courteously, gravely; that was his official self; his more personal self was expressed by a welcoming smile; his son's letter was the key to his heart; unconsciously caressing it, he showed me the Museum's treasures, — exquisite embroideries from the far East; dainty scarfs from Tunis; brilliant rugs and shawls from Bagdad; gossamer silks of Broussa, glittering like

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sun-lighted frostwork; fans and tables inlaid with ivory and pearl; and evil-looking scimitars and yataghans, in scabbards of silver elaborated with gold repoussé, their handles blazing with garnets and turquoises.

Several brass-bound doors, surmounted by ophidian texts from the Koran, surrounded the rotunda wherein we stood; one of these suddenly opened, and a tall, richly attired woman came through. Above the border of her gauze-like yashmak glowed large dominating black eyes, with dark, delicate brows above them, arched like Moslem crescents.

She advanced to the old Curator, and talked with animation; after a few assenting words, he showed her my letter; then I was presented. She at once lowered her yashmak, evidently being conversant with European customs; and the dominating quality of her large eyes became modified into a fearless frankness by the soft contour of her oval face and the winning smile on her mobile lips.

She was the old Curator's wife — his junior by several years; she talked easily and melodiously in English, and I gladly answered her eager questions regarding her son in Budapesth.

After she left us, my eyes wandered curiously toward the brass-bound door by which she had entered; and the Curator obligingly led me within.

The room was long and narrow; near the entrance stood a sullen Turkish soldier; the centre was occupied by an Armenian woman, busily repairing a beautiful prayer-rug of antique designs; its prevailing colors were cream-tints, with markings in red, green, and gold; the closer my scrutiny, the more marvellous appeared its workmanship. I observed the "Lamp," and the "Mihrab," (symbolical door of Mecca). I saw how exquisite was the shading of the clouds, emblazoned with the many attributes of Allah; and I noted the arrow-shaped lily, and the four green seals in the corners, with their Kufic inscriptions in gold.

After I had whispered my admiration to my companion, we passed out, and the implacable eyes of the Turkish soldier seemed to pierce me like poniards.

Once outside I spoke more freely. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" Then I ventured, "The skilful hands of the Armenian were not

restoring worn portions; that prayer-rug has rarely felt the impress of human knees." I threw a significant glance upon the horn-rimmed spectacles, paused, and ventured further, — "There were several cuts, gashes, in the rug; and — the stains at the edges of those cuts looked like — like very old blood-stains."

He nodded calmly, smoothed my letter, puffed at the jasmine-stemmed pipe, then leisurely clapped his hands. Deft servants came, and in a few minutes we were seated at a beautiful lacquered table, and we had nibbled at our fragrant tatlon, and sipped thick coffee from dainty cups in silver-filagree holders; then the hospitable old Curator, having given another fond glance at the letter, broke silence. "I will tell my son's friend about the rug, — one of the two most famous rugs in the world, — the chief treasure of the Ottoman Museum, — the prayer-rug of Shah Abbas the Great; and in particular, I will tell about the blood-stained cuts which your keen eyes have detected.

. . . . . .

Nearly a half-century ago a man, Ahmed, about thirty years old, was struggling upward, in the Galata quarter of this city, buying and selling antique textiles and gems; he was industrious and enthusiastic; and, starting with little capital, had now begun to outstrip his younger neighbor and rival, Nicola, a handsome Greek, a man of winning ways, who had inherited money and patronage from an uncle; their rivalry was vigorous, yet not acrid; Ahmed, plain of features, awkward in movements, yet attractively frank and persuasive, often met handsome Nicola at public auctions and private sales; and they always saluted and conversed, though guardedly.

In the Seraglio quarter, at that time, lived an aged Pasha, a relative of the Grand Vizier, and a lineal descendant of Suleiman the Magnificent; but penury had come upon him; and Ahmed the Turk and Nicola the Greek met several times beneath his roof, in competition for articles of great antiquity and value.

Came a summons one day from Mahmoud Effendi, the aged Pasha, and the two rivals responded promptly; in the selamlik or outer hall, the rugs, porcelains, weapons, and a few pieces of armor were displayed; old Mahmoud was ill and vacillating, and prices were difficult to agree upon; in one of his pauses of senile

indecision, a bell-like female voice spoke through the lattice of the haremlik; — "Take not less than a thousand piastres, O my father, for the blade! With it thy ancestors laid low many foes."

The mellow but firm voice steadied the old Pasha, and Nicola, after a little debate, agreed to the price; but both he and Ahmed were restive, under the scrutiny of unseen feminine eyes, and each struggled to restrain his fancies, as each romantically pictured the face and form of the concealed daughter. Was she young or old? Was she fair or ugly? Bargaining was difficult when carried on with an unseen and perhaps beautiful woman.

Nicola threw himself into striking poses, and his wanton eyes sought, frequently but fruitlessly, the obdurate lattice-work. Nothing could be seen; only a slight rustle of garments, at times, tempted the ears of the buyers, and a faint, delicate fragrance teased their nostrils.

The old Pasha was becoming visibly fatigued; and presently, after laboriously dragging forward a rug for inspection, he suddenly clutched at his side, cried out plaintively, "Zeyneb, my Zeyneb!" and sank upon a heap of rugs.

His cry of distress was instantly echoed from behind the lattice, a door was flung open, and, like a gazelle, a fair young girl bounded to his side, exclaiming, "O my father, what has happened? Speak to me!"

The beautiful creature was perhaps eighteen years old; and her father's distress made her disregardful of the strangers' presence; her anxiety but deepened the charm of her expressive face and supple movements; her great eyes swept Ahmed and Nicola; the men quivered, then leaped to assist her; but straightway two women-servants entered and bore the helpless old man away.

Again, ere she vanished, like a radiant vision, the Pasha's daughter flung a dazzling glance of her luminous eyes over the two men, and each stood transfixed as if under a spell.

A half minute, and Ahmed and Nicola, with a long breath, looked at each other, then the gaze of each drooped; but the sigh which they checked burst into an exclamation of amazement, as their trained eyes fell upon the rug which the Pasha had pulled from the heap; for both knew it, on the instant, as the long-lost, vainly sought "Prayer-rug of Shah Abbas the Great." Neither

had ever seen it, but it was world-famous, and every textile-expert, from Budapesth to Cabul, knew that it had been lost, had dreamed of it, and had fondly hoped to discover it.

There it lay, silent yet impressive in its beauty and eloquent in its history, which every antiquary knew. It had been woven at Ispahan, centuries before, by order of the great Shah whose name it bore, under a vow to the prophet Sheikh Abdul Kader. It was known to have descended, through Suleiman the Magnificent and the Grand Vizier, Thrakim Pasha; the records showed that it had graced solemn ceremonies and kindled the hearts of poets, yet had never felt the impress of bended knee, being too holy for human use. Then it had disappeared in the sea of oblivion, leaving only bubbles of eager conjecture and vain surmise upon the surface.

All this and more flashed through the minds of Ahmed and Nicola; the old Pasha — now perhaps near death — being of the noble lineage of Suleiman and Thrakim, the priceless rug had come down to him; but it had been unrecognized.

For an instant the rivals glared at one another; then the rug wooed them, and they revelled in its beauties of design and color, so familiar through history and tradition. But a frowning Nubian came out, and bade them depart, and return the next day for their purchased articles.

Reluctantly, with anxious glances at the precious rug and distrustful glances at each other, but silent, cogitating, they went from the house.

The long hours dragged away; they ate little and slept little; each stared restlessly through the night, seeking some way of securing the treasure. The next day, at the hour appointed, they entered together the selamlik, where all remained in disorder as they had left it; the priceless prayer-rug lay unheeded as before; and their nails pierced their palms, and they felt their throats grow dry, as they strove, each, to control his eagerness, his anxiety.

The door in the haremlik opened, and the beautiful daughter of the Pasha stood before them. She wore no yashmak; and verily the glamour of the rug and the loveliness of the young girl vied with each other, so that the men shrank, abashed.

Bold Nicola first found his voice, and spoke lightly, instinctively playing his eyes: "We have bought, each, several articles; we

will pay for them, at once; I wish, also, to purchase this — this — old rug."

He lifted the edge of the rug, with assumed carelessness, but his hand trembled; and he laid back the treasure, hastily yet tenderly, catching his breath.

The daughter, Zeyneb, looked keenly at one and the other. Did she note the elusive light in the Greek's face? He was saying to himself, "If only I can obtain this treasure for a trifling sum, my fortune is made."

Did she see more to trust in the plain features and earnest, anxious eyes of Ahmed, who was reflecting, "Have I friends who will help me to pay the rightful price for this world-famous rug?"

"And you?" Came the girl's full voice to mute Ahmed — not timidly but in mellow self-reliant tones — "Do not you also wish to offer money for it?" Then she added, as Ahmed's voice clogged in his throat, "Perhaps not. Doubtless it is of little value."

Nicola's face turned toward his rival, and hate convulsed it; his lips moved and then closed tightly. But Ahmed's strength revived under this silent threat; "The rug is of great value," he said to the Beautiful One, speaking firmly, even painfully, as tearing each word from roots. "Keep it — keep it until a week has passed! I will then return and offer you a large sum for it."

A cry of rage burst from the Greek's dry lips, and his wiry fingers opened and closed, as if on a hungry throat; but he covered his tigerish longing with a shrug and a cough; and, under the wide-eyed glance of surprise from the beautiful Zeyneb, he forced a compliant smile. "Yes, the rug has some value. In a week I also will offer you a — a — large sum for it."

The Pasha's daughter promptly directed a waiting-woman to lay aside the prayer-rug; and the sale of the other articles was completed. "In one week," she said, calmly, as they went away.

"In one week;" responded Ahmed, earnestly.

"In one week;" echoed Nicola, as the two separated, outside the gate, and an ominous glitter shone from between his narrow eyelids.

The days that followed were filled with unrest and activity for Ahmed. To one and another of his friends he spoke, cautiously,

"I can purchase a great treasure for the Sultan; it will make his museum a Mecca for those who love rare textiles; trust me and lend me a thousand piastres." He did not dare tell all the truth; he and Nicola alone held the great secret; and he had slight fear that the wily Greek would share his knowledge with any man. Ahmed relied upon his own good name among the merchants. If any said, "Go directly to the Sultan's secretary and ask for money," Ahmed could only shake his head doggedly; there was too much intrigue at the palace.

In five days the eager man had gathered a large sum; his heart grew more confident each hour; he wondered what plan was being followed by his rival; Nicola was clever, and had money in his own name; had he enough to equal the just value of the prayer-rug? Nicola was unscrupulous, also; would he attempt some act of treachery?

Six days passed. That evening, after the sun had sunk below the wooded hills of the "Sweet Waters," Ahmed was returning from a shop on the lower side of Seraglio Point. The narrow street skirted the low sea-wall near the frowning "Castle of the Seven Towers." The young man had just purchased, for a customer, a rare knife with a keen blade like a flame; he might have been pleased with the successful purchase had not the thought of the wonderful prayer-rug burned like a live coal in his brain.

He leaned, for a moment, upon the parapet of the bridge, in the cool of the evening. To whom should he apply, on the next day, for further additions to his purchase-money? He passed one hand thoughtfully over his troubled brow, the other guarding, by habit, the valuable knife in his girdle under the folds of his cloak.

Suddenly fell upon his head a heavy blow out of the gathering darkness, and Ahmed staggered, then lost consciousness.

A splash in the murky current of the Bosphorus, and Ahmed, gasping, choking, half revived by the chill of the water, knew that he was enclosed in a sack and was drowning.

With spasmodic energy the man wildly cut and thrust with his keen knife; life was dear to him, and his arm was strong, his weapon sharp; the meshes of the coarse sack parted like paper; he cleft an opening, and desperately tore his way through it, rising to the surface under the low arch of the bridge. Oh, how sweet

will pay for them, at once; I wish, also, to purchase this — this — old rug."

He lifted the edge of the rug, with assumed carelessness, but his hand trembled; and he laid back the treasure, hastily yet tenderly, catching his breath.

The daughter, Zeyneb, looked keenly at one and the other. Did she note the elusive light in the Greek's face? He was saying to himself, "If only I can obtain this treasure for a trifling sum, my fortune is made."

Did she see more to trust in the plain features and earnest, anxious eyes of Ahmed, who was reflecting, "Have I friends who will help me to pay the rightful price for this world-famous rug?"

"And you?" Came the girl's full voice to mute Ahmed — not timidly but in mellow self-reliant tones — "Do not you also wish to offer money for it?" Then she added, as Ahmed's voice clogged in his throat, "Perhaps not. Doubtless it is of little value."

Nicola's face turned toward his rival, and hate convulsed it; his lips moved and then closed tightly. But Ahmed's strength revived under this silent threat; "The rug is of great value," he said to the Beautiful One, speaking firmly, even painfully, as tearing each word from roots. "Keep it — keep it until a week has passed! I will then return and offer you a large sum for it."

A cry of rage burst from the Greek's dry lips, and his wiry fingers opened and closed, as if on a hungry throat; but he covered his tigerish longing with a shrug and a cough; and, under the wide-eyed glance of surprise from the beautiful Zeyneb, he forced a compliant smile. "Yes, the rug has some value. In a week I also will offer you a — a — large sum for it."

The Pasha's daughter promptly directed a waiting-woman to lay aside the prayer-rug; and the sale of the other articles was completed. "In one week," she said, calmly, as they went away.

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was the air! How dear was the glimmering light over the dome of the mosque across the bay!

He rested an arm on the stone abutment, and waited for strength to return, and for his wounded, aching head to become clearer. "Nicola has done this," he said. His rival's purpose was quite clear to him. "The wily Greek, without competition, will secure the rug for a small price; and he will sell it outside the country, for a vast sum."

It was a full hour before Ahmed, ghastly and dishevelled — with the trickling blood on his face and neck only partially removed — could present himself at the gateway of the old Pasha; the Nubian guard hesitated at his wild appearance, but Ahmed spoke calmly, and laid a gold piece in the man's hand.

Again he was standing in the selamlik, but trembling, half dazed, yet desperately determined to convey his message and warning. The room was cleared from its disorder; the precious prayer-rug was not visible. Ahmed leaned against the wall, and waited.

Presently the lattice opened, and the beautiful Zeyneb, fresh as a rose from her garden, stood before him. He tried to speak, but his voice gave only a whisper. Through the cold damp that stood in his eyes he could faintly see a look of surprise and of compassion overspread the lovely face. "Tell me," she exclaimed, "why you come at this hour, and in distress!"

Again he tried to articulate, but his weakness and her beauty and the thought of the precious rug — these overwhelmed him.

A look of distrust and scorn flashed from the impatient Pasha's daughter. "Why do you not speak?" She demanded. "I have already refused admission to your brother-merchant; and now, having admitted you, am I to have only this dumb show, this opening of lips which utter nothing?"

Then the man's physical weakness impressed her; and, at her command, a strong cordial was brought to him. By its fiery strength he regained his self-control. "May I be pardoned," he gasped, brokenly, "for coming before you in this plight; but an hour ago I was beneath the dark current of the Bosphorus, and my life was near its end. Allah the Glorious One be praised, however, for with this knife I cut through the sack which enveloped me, and — with Allah's help — I reached the shore."

The listener's dark eyes opened in wonder. "In a sack? Thrown into the Bosphorus?" And she added quickly, "Have you an enemy?"

"None that I know — except, perhaps — the Greek who came here with me six days ago."

"Him I refused to see less than an hour since," responded Zeyneb, frowning; and her eyes seemed to Ahmed to take on a look of tenderness, as she leaned slightly toward him and added, "I desired that man to have no advantage over you."

Her friendly manner thrilled Ahmed like a fresh draught of the fiery cordial; he hardly dared believe, but certainly her eyes rested on him with at least confidence and encouragement. "I will tell you," he said, frankly, "you shall hear the whole truth about the prayer-rug which we both sought to purchase." And he told her, hurriedly, as best he could, in his weakness, the history and the priceless value of the rug.

The recital took but a minute; but it served to explain the enmity of the Greek. What was one human life between him and the possession of such a treasure!

The dark eyes of the Pasha's daughter kindled with fierce anger, as she listened, then softened as she noted the pallid face of Ahmed. "It is well that I did not admit him," she said; and her lips curled with scorn, as she added, "although, even had he entered, he could not have purchased the rug; I liked not the man's ways."

She mused a few moments, struck by the wonder of the old rug's history; then, rising, she went to the panel in the wall and opened it.

With a cry of dismay she started back. "It is not there!" she exclaimed.

Her words electrified Ahmed. A moment before he had felt faint, and powerless of speech. "Not there?" he cried. "Did you place it there? Are you sure?"

"There and nowhere else," responded Zeyneb, now in her turn alarmed. "And I saw it, yesterday."

Ahmed threw up his arms with a despairing gesture, and a groan escaped his white lips. "Lost! Lost!" He ejaculated. "Who can have taken it? Who could have known it to be worth the taking?"

Then suspicion renewed itself in his breast, and he asked in a hoarse whisper, "Has anybody entered here? Anybody — since you saw it?"

The Pasha's daughter bent her graceful head reflectively, "Nobody. Nobody — except the priest who arrived a half-hour since, to read prayers with my poor sick father. There! He is coming out now."

A panel-door, hitherto unnoticed by Ahmed, now opened, and a fully robed priest came through. He seemed bent with age, his head was gray, and large colored spectacles covered his eyes. He bowed respectfully, but uttered no word, and moved — with what appeared to watchful Ahmed, unnecessary haste, — toward the outer door.

Ahmed's heart leaped, in sudden alarm and suspicion; with an impulse which he could not explain, he dragged himself across to the outer door, and feebly barred the priest's path; in his weakness he could offer only the empty form of opposition, but his thought was instantly read by Zeyneb; she, too, saw a possible explanation of the rug's strange disappearance.

With all her native self-reliance and high spirit she advanced and demanded, "Stop, holy man! Are you what you seem, or are —"

Her sentence remained unfinished, for the bent priest suddenly stood erect, caught Ahmed by the shoulder, and whirled him aside; but Ahmed, in the struggle, grasped at the man's face; and beard and spectacles came away in his hands, revealing the evil countenance of Nicola, convulsed with hate and rage.

"Curse you!" cried the Greek; and he snatched up his trailing gown and plunged toward the door.

Then all the determined spirit of Zeyneb's proud race found expression; Ahmed, tottering, could do no more than draw his knife from his girdle; but the Pasha's daughter, like a Nemesis, caught the weapon from Ahmed's relaxing grasp; and, as Nicola, muttering curses, flung open the outer door, she plunged the keen blade once — twice — thrice — into his body.

When the servants, who were summoned by her signal, laid the dying Greek on a couch, and took off his outer garments, the prayer-rug was found beneath, wrapped about his body.

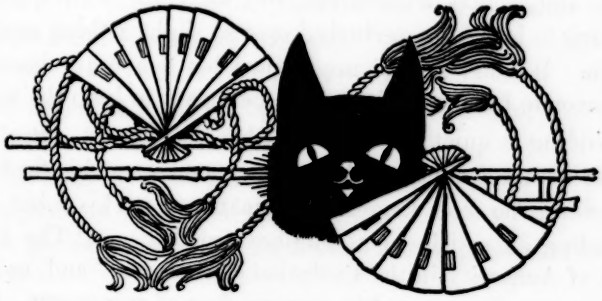
. . . . . .

The old Curator paused in his narrative. The Armenian workwoman was coming out of the inner room; and I watched, as in a dream, the sullen Turkish soldier, while he double-locked the door.

I glanced at my watch, and arose to go; I was due at the Consul-General's Office. "I thank you, most heartily," I said to the Curator, for bestowing on me your time, and strength — and confidence. He bowed, with a grim yet kindly smile, and gave me his card. I could not repress a start of surprise, as I glanced at it; for it bore the name "Ahmed," together with the usual family appellatives.

The Curator laid his hand on my arm, and said significantly, in a low calm tone, "When you return through Budapesth, tell my son that his mother's prayer-rug is being skilfully restored, as he has long wished."

I went out, reflectively; and, as I went, I recalled the stern, even fierce beauty of the old Curator's wife; and I understand how she could have done it.



A Thorny Road to Paradise.*

BY MAUCHLINE MUIR.

A YOUNG man sprinting along the platform of a railroad station after a departing train is always an interesting spectacle to casual observers, but when his high hat is jammed down to one ear for safety, the tails of his Prince Albert are flying express signals, and a suit case is ricocheting against his immaculate trouser legs at every stride, the sight also adds to the gayety of nations. Probably the Reverend Markham Brown was aware of this, for, when he had swung himself and his suit case to the rear platform of the last car, he looked back at the dwindling Denver depot to frown down any signs of untimely levity, mopped his heated face with a kerchief, and disappeared with dignity into the car.

Markham Allerdyce Brown, rector of St. Luke's, flattered himself that he practised as well as preached the gospel of dignity, leisure and mental adjustment, and therefore it was peculiarly annoying to him to be perturbed over so slight a thing as catching a train. Besides, he had not wished his temporary leave-taking of Denver to be so conspicuous, as he meant to keep the matter of his wedding as quiet as he had kept his engagement, out of consideration for the feelings of the gentler members of his flock.

However, he soon dismissed the matter from his mind and fell to reading an article in a religious monthly on "The Ultimate Place of Authority in the Evolution of Religion," and, as he read, his irritation disappeared in a warm glow of enjoyment. Such an article, so strong, so convincing, so eloquent, must be an anchor to many a poor soul being swept into the rapids of free thought by the assaults of an irreverent age upon authority. Indeed, he had written the article with that end in view.

Twenty-four hours later the train drew into the apparently end-

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less suburbs of Chicago, and the porter's whisk broom and sunny smile became very much in evidence. Markham Brown methodically put away the magazine he was reading, donned his overcoat, and gathered together his belongings.

It occurred to him that he had better consult Helen Mosby's letter to learn her address. She was a teacher at Peoria, and, since she was an orphan, she was to be married at the home of an uncle in Chicago, where she was visiting during the vacation. An examination of his breast pocket failed to discover the letter in which she had mentioned her new address. He went through all his pockets unavailingly. The pleasant smile with which he had started his search was sponged from his face. He dived into his pockets again, then went frantically through his suit case.

Good heavens! suppose he should not find it. But he must. He told himself to keep cool, not to be disturbed.

"It is ridiculous. I certainly have that letter with me. I could never have left it at home. I must make another thorough search."

He did, the beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, but when the train drew up at Rock Island depot it found him still searching among shirts, cuffs and socks for the letter he knew he must have left at home. To his excited self-consciousness it seemed that people were beginning to watch him curiously. He hastily flung his things together, worked his suit case shut with a mighty effort and started for the door.

The porter had been hovering over him solicitously. "Have yo' forgot somethin', sah?" he asked, with the proper note of anxiety.

"It is nothing, my good man," answered the rector of St. Luke's with a stupendous calm as he hurried out.

But the porter's crestfallen face seemed to suggest that it was fifty cents.

Markham Brown deposited his suit case on a seat in the waiting room and thought desperately. Why had he not taken the trouble to remember the address instead of trusting to the letter? It seemed to him that the address was seven hundred and something of some street or other, and he was sure that her uncle was a lawyer — or was it a real-estate man? — whose name began with R or S. But this seemed hardly definite enough to go on. Ah, he

would consult the directory! He did so, but as there were several closely printed pages devoted to residents whose names began with either R or S, he soon realized the futility of his effort.

He must try other means. He hurried to the nearest telegraph office and sent a message to the people at Peoria with whom Miss Mosby had boarded. Then he went to a hotel, leaving word that he would call for the answer in an hour. He refreshed himself with a bath and strolled back to the telegraph station in a pleasant frame of mind. He was assured he would find waiting him there the address he needed.

A young woman who chewed gum greeted him in the friendliest way.

"Nothing doing, sir. Those Peoria parties are out of town."

Markham Brown's face was a picture of consternation. He drummed with his fingers aimlessly on the counter. Suddenly his face brightened. He seized another blank and dashed off a message, this time to the postmaster at Peoria:

> Please wire, my expense, what address mail of Miss Helen Mosby is now being forwarded. MARKHAM ALLERDYCE BROWN.

"I do not really need to be at all excited," the rector assured himself as he returned to his hotel. "I have eight hours yet, and of course the postal authorities at Peoria will be able to tell me exactly where she is staying. Some men would not have known what to do under the circumstances. It only shows that a man should remain calm and dignified."

He continued to remain calm and dignified by walking into the hotel room of a maiden lady of mature age, of whom he had a vision of hairpins, switches and dishabille, as he hurriedly retreated before her astonished ire. At the news stand in the rotunda he bought a cigar to compose himself and absent-mindedly walked away without paying for it. The newsboy called him, but he did not hear. Swift feet overhauled him and reduced him to confusion before many smiling eyes.

"Say, mister, you ain't paid me for that cigar!"

He paid guiltily, in flushed misery, then retired to a corner and read yesterday's paper upside down to hide his confusion and calm himself.

Long before the answer to his message had come he was haunting the Western Union office again. When the telegram did arrive he tore it open eagerly. It read:

> This department is not allowed to furnish such information as is requested.

The rector of St. Luke's thought unclerical things about the department chiefs who issued such outrageous orders. He glared at the clerk as if she had been the cause of his disappointment. She smiled back confidentially, without intermitting her gum chewing.

Why hadn't he thought of it before! He could telephone to Jackson, the janitor of St. Luke's, at Denver, to find Helen Mosby's letter in his study. He disliked to do so, for fear the man would tell his rector's plight to everybody he met, but the occasion demanded immediate action.

Over the long-distance telephone came Jackson's indistinct, torturing answer: "The study door is locked and I haven't any key."

"Break down the door," was the rector's impatient command, "and answer the instant you have the letter."

Markham Brown did not any longer pretend to composure. The gospel of leisure and dignity was a hundred miles from his thoughts. He paced the streets in a strained nervousness that was fast making him ill. The irony of his situation! To be within two or three miles of Helen for the first time in a year and not to be able to get to her. To be forced by circumstances into a situation so undignified and ridiculous as not to be able to attend his own wedding. The thing was incredible. He writhed in spirit at the thought of the unholy laughter of his friends at the University Club, should they ever learn of his plight.

A long half hour passed, and he returned to his hotel, where he had directed Jackson to send his answer. The clerk was just receipting for it.

"Two-sixty-five, please," he said.

The rector fumbled in his waistcoat pocket.

"Charge it in my bill!" he exclaimed, nervously tearing open the message, which read:

> "Miss Mosby's address, 321 Pine, Peoria, Illinois. JACKSON."

Good Heavens! The idiot had sent the old address — he must have taken it from the first letter he found!

Markham fled into the streets, with some vague idea of calling up the janitor again, but, just as he remembered the lack of the necessary two-sixty-five, he espied a letter-carrier. Planting himself before the man in gray, he stammered out:

"My good man, I desire to ascertain the address of a young lady stopping with her uncle in Chicago, whose name begins with R or S."

The letter-carrier stared a moment at his questioner.

"When you find it, come and tell me," was all he said as he turned and walked away. Perhaps it was the man's uniform that recalled to the rector of St. Luke's the refrain of a London music hall ditty counselling pedestrians in trouble to "Arsk the Pl'eeceman." At any rate, seeing a police station just across the street, Rev. Markham Brown, apostle of leisure, harmony and dignity, hurried through its portals and laid his troubles before the officer at the desk.

That official, as well as a clean-cut young fellow busily taking notes near by, could scarcely restrain a smile at the rector's predicament.

"Why don't you advertise for the lady's address?" was the best suggestion that the officer in charge had to offer, and with this impossible advice Markham Brown set forth once more for his hotel. Advertise! Quite out of the question. Not for anything would he have knowledge of his plight reach his friends in Denver!

But therein the reverend gentleman reckoned without taking into account the enterprise of the Ubiquitous Press. Even before he found his way back to his hotel — having taken the wrong turn on emerging from the station, and being, as usual, absorbed in thoughts, this time very painful — his attention was caught by the bulletin board of an evening paper, where in violent violet capitals he read:

LOST IN CHICAGO!
NO WEDDING BELLS FOR REV. MARKHAM BROWN.
DENVER CLERGYMAN'S FRUITLESS
SEARCH FOR WAITING BRIDE.

He bought a paper and read a two-column "write-up" of his misadventures of the day. Then he recalled the young man at the police station, taking notes. A reporter!

Thoroughly depressed he entered his hotel, where a card was handed to him by a grinning bell boy. It read:

Mr. James Grant Evans.

The Rev. Markham Brown recalled that this was the name of the uncle with whom Helen Mosby was staying. He looked up. At Evans' heels came three persistent newspaper reporters, on the scent for the latest development.

Five minutes later the rector of St. Luke's, in wedding garb, was in a cab speeding towards 3611 Porter Avenue. Casually, Mr. Evans dropped the information that he was a hardware merchant. On the whole, Mr. Brown's memory had been very reliable in its misinformation.

The curtain rang down on his troubles when the rector reached the Evans home. Fortunately, the future Mrs. Markham Brown was not gifted with a sense of humor. She showed only solicitude for his strange mishaps and admiration for the remarkable calmness of mind with which he had met them. Long before they were being Lohengrinned into the parlor she had lifted him back into his usual state of warm appreciation of himself. He was again the apostle of leisure, harmony and dignity.

In re State vs. Forbes.*

BY WARREN EARLE.

OF all the questions put to the lawyer, the one he is most often called upon to answer, if so be his work carries him that way, is how can you conscientiously defend a murderer when you know him to be guilty? And though there are many good answers to that question, viewed from the legal standpoint, they seldom, if ever, appeal to the lay mind. To the man in the street the man under indictment is probably guilty. If a jury subsequently so find him the original opinion is confirmed. If not, a deal of credit is given to the shrewdness of the lawyer as to one who has succeeded in setting at naught all the machinery of the law. In either instance, the public is absolutely sure of its facts, and the original query remains.

It has been my fortune to defend several men accused of high crimes and misdemeanors, and, invariably, my friends and acquaintances have asked me the question. Occasionally, I have been publicly criticized, or pityingly excused on the plea that it was my business, with the emphasis on the business. All this is fresher in my mind by reason of the fact that it has all been repeated in the last few weeks. Many of my cases have caused comment, but none have subjected me to a more universal uplifting of eyebrows and elevation of chins than my late defence of Dr. Forbes. In all justice to my critics I will say that the facts appearing on the trial rather justified them in their attitude, if such an attitude can ever be justified. Long before the trial was finished the public had condemned the defendant, and the verdict of the jury was in accordance with the public view. And, now that they have both had their say, I am inclined to have mine. Not that I intend to change public opinion, or attempt to do so, but because the facts present one of the most curious cases which has ever fallen under my notice.

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For the benefit of those who have never heard of the case of the State *vs.* Forbes, I will briefly outline the evidence, as testified to by the witnesses: Dr. Forbes was a man thirty-six years of age, unmarried, and living very quietly in an old quarter of the city. His parents were both dead, and, in fact, it was not shown that he had any living relatives, except a younger sister who lived with and kept house for him. He was a well-educated man, of studious habits and possessed of sufficient means to allow of close application to scientific medical investigations, to which he seems to have devoted a large portion of his time. He had a laboratory at the back of his house, where he carried on his work and conducted his experiments. He was taciturn and diffident, a trifle priggish, and in consequence enjoyed the reputation among his neighbors of being queer, odd, haughty and "stuck up."

The sister, Rhoda Forbes, was a very beautiful girl of about twenty-four years, and the same neighbors who condemned the brother declared her bright, clever and vivacious. It appeared that they had been left as orphans when she was a young child, and that her education and maintenance had devolved upon the elder brother. Between them, and notwithstanding their constitutional differences in temperament, there existed a pleasant and wholesome relationship, a condition and mutual attitude, in short, which proved extremely baffling to the State's Attorney in his endeavors to prove motive. It is needless to say that the young lady had a number of suitors, but with a single exception, none of them attracted much attention upon the trial.

The exception was one Bert Lapham, the son of a merchant in the city, of good repute and large fortune. The young man was a college graduate, and, unlike his father, had a reputation around town which was far from savory. Very naturally that side of his character was not on exhibition while he was courting Rhoda Forbes, and from the evidence it was inferable that he was not an unwelcome visitor at the house. It did not appear that the Doctor encouraged his visits, but the same might have been said concerning any of the other young men. And aside from a certain jealousy which he seems to have manifested against all who sought favor of his sister, he showed no excessive ill-will toward Lapham. Such, then, was the apparent condition of affairs when,

on the morning of February 2d, 1905, Dr. Forbes met Lapham on the street, and deliberately and carefully shot him down. Lapham died almost instantly and without making any statement.

The Doctor was arrested and taken to the jail. He made no resistance, but, as is often the case with murderers, acted like a man who had planned up to a certain point and deed, and was without purpose thereafter. As soon as he was disposed of, the police went to his house, and there, on the operating table in the laboratory they found the dead body of the sister. The coroner was summoned, and an inquest was held. Two other doctors were called in, an autopsy was decided upon. That, too, was held, and the doctors reported that there were no visible signs of foul play. The verdict, being unexpected, aroused a deal of astonishment. The doctors were asked how she came to die, and in such a place, and they answered in a most astounding burst of medical candor that they did not know, and added that it was probably heart trouble.

Being without evidence then as to the sister, the grand jury merely indicted the Doctor for the murder of Lapham. The above are the facts elicited upon the trial; that which follows I learned from the lips of the doctor himself. Soon after his indictment he sent for me, and in response to his request I went to the jail.

I was obliged to wait but a few moments before he was brought in. I had read a few of the less lurid accounts of the affair, and had a fair idea of the facts and the man, but nevertheless, I was somewhat surprised at his appearance. He had been described as a man of medium height, dark complexion, black hair shot with gray, brown eyes, brown mustache and Vandyke beard. All this was very true, but they had omitted to mention the low and very wide forehead, and the fact that he looked at one with the steady, unblinking stare of the short-sighted naturalist. He looked the well-to-do doctor of studious habits, and as I stepped forward to greet him I thought: "He might murder for the sake of science, but not in passion."

He received me calmly, and we seated ourselves.

"You sent for me," I said.

"Yes," his tones were well modulated. "Yes. I presume you are aware of the indictment against me — and the case?"

"I have read some of the accounts. You are indicted for the murder of Lapham."

"Yes. It occurred about as the newspapers have it. As a matter of fact, I presume there is no adequate defense."

"Suppose you tell me the facts," I suggested.

He shrugged his shoulders. "You have them already," he replied.

"All of them?" I queried.

"No—" he hesitated. "No—but all that would do you any good."

"It would be better if I knew them all," I said.

"There is nothing which would relieve."

"But there may be something which would entertain."

He nodded and smiled and twirled the point of his beard reflectively.

"Briefly," he said, "I met Lapham on the street. I said 'Sir, I am about to kill you.' I raised the revolver and fired. I left the house with the purpose of doing so. That is what I believe you call premeditation, and the thing for which you hang people. I bought the revolver at a store on the way down town, and I had the man show me how to load and fire it. This I did in order that I might not miss my aim when I met him. I thought out all the details before I left the house."

"Exactly," I said, "And now for the matters which occurred before the premeditation."

"They would not aid you, I fear."

"And I am certain they would entertain me," I repeated.

He looked at me between half-closed lids steadily, keenly, quizzically.

"I like your attitude," he said, and after another short pause, and a few more twirls of his beard he added, "but I warn you that in all I say you will find no particle of what you call competent evidence."

"Motives seldom constitute legal excuses," I volunteered, "and we need not consider them in that light, if you desire it so."

He handed me his cigarette case, and while holding the match for him I for the first time noticed a certain gleam in the eyes which was distinctly animal. He inhaled a long breath and

dropped his lids in the manner of a cat in contentment by a fire, or a tiger in a quiet mood.

"If you are to understand me at all," he said, "you must know that our family is peculiar in one respect. We are what you might call a telegraphic race. You know that by instinct, development or training, some families in all their ramifications have certain traits, I do not mean merely physical traits, but more particularly, tendencies to certain lines of work. I can point you to families which have had ministers in the line for centuries. There are others which have run to lawyers or merchants, or clowns or what not. In ours this tendency is all to telegraphy. My father and all his brothers and their father before them, and that in the days of the infancy of the science, were all connected with the telegraphic business.

"I do not suppose there is a man or woman of our family today who is not thoroughly familiar with the instruments and code of the craft. I, myself, in common with my sister, learned the code as soon as I could read. We had senders all over the old house at home, and among my earliest recollections is the sharp clicking of the machines. You are aware that the things we inherit and the lessons we learn in our early childhood gradually become instinct—no less. So it was with myself and my sister. We never forgot our early training and, in fact, fostered it. In a hundred ways we used it about the house where we lived together, and we even played with it elsewhere. At the theatre or in church we would tap messages to each other with our finger nails on wood, thus":

He drummed on the arm of his chair in a nonchalant manner, and with such a perfect show of indifference that had my attention not been called, I should not have caught the peculiar telegraphic rhythm.

"Our house was fitted up with all sorts of devices. The senders were concealed in out-of-the-way places, and generally within reach of the hand, so that often when I was in the laboratory and Rhoda in the parlor she would be telling me the things the caller of the moment was doing and saying. Of course the position and character of these instruments we kept secret from all our acquaintances, and a certain attachment which rendered the sending sound-

less and which was and is a secret of my family, greatly aided us to this end.

"Personally, I was expected by my parents to follow in their footsteps, but as I grew older, I found that I had a natural inclination toward medicine and surgery, and particularly the latter. This tendency increased with age, and before I had finished my academic course in college I had made up my mind to practise. That plan the mechanical turn in my blood frustrated. As I went on I found myself absorbed by the scientific phase of the subject. I was still in college when the X-ray was first discovered. It took a strong hold upon my imagination. I watched and followed the improvements, and without further parley decided to put my life into that line of work. Being sufficiently well fortified financially so that I was not obliged to practise for a living, I gave it up, except in so far as I found it running with my scientific work As you can see, I am not an old man, and indeed, it has been but a few years since my graduation.

"Those years I have spent in the attainment of one object, the perfection of the X-ray. As you are doubtless aware, despite all the advertisement given the matter in the newspapers, the most that the masters have been able to do has been to use the ray for the discovery and location of solid substances embedded in or surrounded by substances of less consistency. That is, for instance, the perception of bones in the flesh of the arm or leg, or the presence of metals in the body.

"It was my purpose in taking up the study to perfect the apparatus to the point where it would be possible to discern the blood vessels, or possibly, the nerves. To this task I gave all my time, and, Sir, I can state to you that I have been successful!"

He leaned forward and searched my face. His eyes shone with the fervor of the enthusiast. He drew a long breath and sank back in his chair, and it was several moments before he continued his narrative.

"I have in my laboratory a table, an operating table, which is the result of my inventions. On that table I place a body. Beneath is the ray, and connected with the ray, above and directly over, is the ordinary fluoroscope with a microscopic attachment. I shall not undertake to describe the entire matter to you. Unless you

are of a scientific turn of mind you would not understand, and—" He paused and I shook my head. "Ah, you are not—then I will refrain. It is sufficient to say that the fluoroscope and the connected ray may be moved about at will, and any part of the body may be subjected to investigation. The light is developed in a bulb as in the ordinary machine, but the quality of it and thereby its usefulness for descrying nerves, muscles or blood vessels, is the secret which I have learned. You may perhaps get a better comprehension if I state that I use a separate tube for each species of investigation. That is, I attach the ordinary X-ray for the detection of metal. With another tube all the intervening substances fade into fog and the nerves stand revealed. So, by yet another adjustment, I can study the blood, the microscope aiding very materially, as you can readily understand."

He evidently thought I was becoming wearied by his discourse, for he went on:

"You do not see what all this has to do with the murder of Lapham." He spoke as though murder on the public street with a cheap revolver purchased for the purpose was a scientific phenomenon. I replied that I was much interested in his discovery, and had no doubt that it bore significantly upon the tragedy.

"It does," he muttered, "It does," and suddenly lapsed into silence. He sat so, staring fixedly into space, the smoke trailing up slowly from the stump of his cigarette. I watched, and I saw the gleam gradually grow in his eyes, exactly as it grew in the eyes of the murderer Harley when the heart of the man he had stabbed, with the hole made by his knife, was produced in court. Dr. Forbes suddenly flicked the ash from his cigarette and turning upon me swiftly, said:

"I knew the man for a villain from the first. I knew it instinctively. I knew it from observation. But, like a fool, I could not be content with mere knowledge. I had to tell someone what I thought, and, most foolish of all, I told Rhoda. She did not, would not, so consider him. I was afraid she would fall in love with him. He came and I said nothing. He continued to come and I protested. She laughed—defended him. He came more and more frequently, and, finding it was useless to object, I shut myself in my laboratory and trusted that her natural good sense

would find him out. They became intimate, how intimate I never fully realized until one evening, while he was calling, the telegraphic instrument in the laboratory clicked off the message, 'Come to the library.'

"I dropped my work and rushed in. They greeted me with a burst of laughter, and to my queries Rhoda explained that she had been showing all our private means of communication, and she had sent the message to prove their efficiency! I was intensely angry, not so much because of the poor jest at my expense, as because of the revelation of our secrets to a stranger. I fear I talked too sharply. I certainly left the room in a rage.

"As a matter of fact, I probably took the incident too much to heart, but, at the time, it seemed to me an infallible indication that she loved the man, and I had no desire that she should marry him. This fear, however, was groundless, for but a short time afterwards, she came to me one night and told me that he had proposed to her and that she had refused him. I asked how he took it, and she reluctantly admitted that he had been very angry. I expected that this would put an end to his visits, but it did not. The man was infatuated, and continued to call regularly.

"In the meantime, in fact, all the time, there was another young man who seemingly could not be kept away. You may know him. He is a young attorney and a very decent chap — Hal Drenning."

I acknowledged a slight acquaintance.

"I will confess that I was rather prepossessed in his favor and hoped that if anyone were successful it might be he. His principal fault seemed to be a quick and terrible temper. I knew him to be preferable to Lapham, and said so, and when I said it I was surprised to notice that Rhoda blushed. Perhaps I was too much inclined to dictate to her, but seeing her so, I said:

"'Rhoda, I wouldn't flirt with him if I were you.' She laughed and said, 'why not?'

"'I think he loves you,' I replied, 'and he quite meets with my approval.'

"She curtesied mockingly, and mockingly said:

"'But how can I marry him when Bert says I shall marry him and him alone?'

"'When did he say that?' I asked.

"'Oh, the other evening, after he had accused me of seeing too much of Mr. Drenning.'

"I spoke my mind rather plainly concerning his impertinence, and, still angry, was leaving the room, when she danced before me and smilingly declared me foolish.

"'I shall marry neither of them,' she said, 'I shall remain here and be your loyal and devoted sister.'

"'You will refuse Hal?' I said.

"'Certainly, I shall refuse them all,' she cried.

"'Hal would not take a refusal calmly,' I said, and as I spoke the thought of his ungovernable temper occurred to me. Indeed he would not take a refusal lightly, and if she did intend to refuse him then her conduct had been inexcusable, for she had flirted with him outrageously.

"This conversation took place a little over a week ago. Last Tuesday evening Rhoda came down at eight, dressed to receive visitors. I was in the laboratory at work when she came in to me and twirled about to show me a new dress. I said something about it in response to her inquiries as to its length and fit and style, etc., and I then asked her who was coming, and she, in a sort of a pouting way, said she did not know whether she would tell me or not. I was somewhat piqued, for I could see no reason for her attitude, when, with one of her quick changes, she broke into a laugh and said — I remember her words distinctly:

"'Oh, Oh, you are a funny brother. Well, if you must know, it is —' she hesitated for a moment — 'your friend, Mr. Drenning. You see, he is liable to propose any evening, and I want to be prepared to meet the emergency.'

"Still laughing, she tripped lightly out of the room, and of course it never occurred to me that she might be joking. Somewhat later, I heard the bell ring and footsteps in the hall. I continued at my work, which was that of testing some new tubes and recording their relative strengths. Later in the evening I heard the front door slam, and some one pass out. It was an ordinary occurrence, and made no marked impression on my mind. You will understand. I have often noticed, as I presume you have, that the unusual is seldom accompanied by what might be termed anticipatory phenomena.

"It must have been an hour later that I finished my task, and then, for the first time, it occurred to me that Rhoda had not been in to say good-night, nor had I heard her go upstairs. I lit a cigarette and, opening the door into the hall, saw that the light in the parlor was still burning. Thinking that she was reading, and that it was time for her to retire, I walked down the hall and stepped into the room."

The doctor paused and passed his hand across his eyes.

"I presume," he continued, "that I shall continue to stand and gaze from that doorway until I am aimlessly twirling at the end of a rope. She was seated in the Morris chair by the table and she was facing me. Her body had collapsed upon itself, her head hung to the left, and her tongue was lolling from a mouth idiotically agape, and the spittle was drooling from the lips to the lace frill of the gown. Her eyes were open and glazed and full of a wild terror. Her arms lay along the arms of the chair, and about them there was a queer suggestion of a sudden relapse after vainly striving to reach something. I do not know, I cannot explain to you, how or why a recumbent figure could or would suggest a collapse preceded by a straining for some definite object, but such was the effect produced upon me in the instant I stood staring, dazed.

"Recovering, I rushed to her and straightened her up. She was loose flesh in my hands. I felt for her pulse and felt — nothing. I tried again and there was no movement. I held the crystal face of my watch to her mouth. There was no breath visible. She was dead. I dropped her hand and ran back to the laboratory for a stimulant. I always kept a supply in a small cabinet in the corner, and in that I was groping for the flask I wished when I was startled by the quick click of one of the telegraphic instruments. I stopped in amazement. There was a message coming in from the room I had just left, and the touch was her touch. I would have known it in a thousand.

"Jerkily, in the abbreviations we used for greater convenience, were ticked off these words, 'Come, being killed by' — I waited for no more, but rushed to the room. It was empty save for her, and she was exactly as I had left her, except that her hand had slipped off the chair arm and was hanging down outside.

"Just a moment," I said, "Was there a sender on that chair?"

He stared at me fixedly, the lids slowly rolling back from the whites of his eyes. "Your mind travels with mine, Sir," he said in a husky, rasping whisper. "There *was* a sender on that chair arm, on the under side. Do you think it possible that she could have revived sufficiently to send? Between us, — between us, — when I dropped her hand before leaving for the whiskey I left it on the arm by the sender. I know that the hand was not hanging down when I went away."

"Go on," I prompted.

He paid no heed to me, but commenced to talk as though to himself. "But she was dead," he said, "She was dead. She had been dead for at least an hour. There was absolutely no change in her when I had returned. She was dead both before and after. I knew it, though I denied it to myself."

He seemed to come out of his musings, and turning to me again, went on with his narrative:

"I picked her up and carried her, a lifeless, slippery, jelly-like mass, into the laboratory, and laid her on the operating table. There, in frantic haste, I tried every means of revival I knew, and all without success. Sir, from the time I first caught sight of her until I finally gave up the struggle I vow to you there was no movement, sign, symbol or symptom of life. She was dead.

"Like anyone else suddenly deprived of a great possession I did not at first grasp its full meaning. Indeed, I doubt if I ever will. Not until I gave up my efforts at resuscitation did I commence to wonder. The coroners have returned their verdict. You know what they say. They do not know what caused her death. They think I killed her while experimenting, I fancy."

He glanced at me from the corner of his eye and went on calmly, as a totally disinterested witness might on the stand:

"There was no mark on the body. There was not a scratch or pin prick on the skin. There were no bruises, no discolorations, no abrasions, no traces or signs of physical violence. I was about to name it heart disease, when I remembered the message which had come in over the wire, 'Come, being killed by — '. For the first time I realized that the message was incomplete. For some unaccountable reason that fact had theretofore escaped me. Then, Sir, I became calm and went about my work systematically.

"I had no doubt about the identity of the murderer, if there was one. I reasoned that Drenning had proposed, been refused, and, perhaps in a fit of passion, had struck and killed her. 'But —but', I said, 'there has been no striking. It must have been done in some other way. But if it was done, then there will certainly be some trace.' The body was already on the operating table, so I attached the proper tube and searched for metallic substances. I expected to discover the presence in the body of some hard, foreign substance matter capable of producing death. I did not know what form it would take, so I searched carefully, realizing that it might take any one of a dozen odd and unexpected appearances such, for instance, as a needle driven into and broken off in some vital part. You are perhaps aware that long, slender glass needles, if thrust in quickly, will kill very effectually, and, with such an instrument, if it is broken carefully, there is scarcely any wound visible.

"I worked over her for hours and hours. I found nothing, but I would not give up. Again and again I examined, and always with the same result. Sir, it was only after four long hours that I sat down, realizing that further search was in vain.

"It would be impossible for me to explain to you the feeling of anger which possessed me during the next half hour. It was a rage growing out of a sense of impotence, inspired by a realization that, despite all my knowledge, I was baffled. I went over every expedient I knew. I thought of every device of which I had ever heard. I endeavored to invent new and untried experiments, and while so groping it occurred to me that an examination of the blood and the nerves might by a remote chance reveal something.

"In desperation, I fitted on a tube for the circulatory system and swung the fluoroscope over the body. I thought I would begin with the hands, for there, in some of the very small blood vessels where the corpuscles pass in single file, if there was anything wrong it would be visible. I turned on the power and put my eye to the microscope. Gradually, as I looked, and my eye became accustomed to the light, the flesh faded away from the bones, leaving them crude and ghastly like a withered and steamed stump of a limb. In the continued light from the tube, and even as I watched, this, too, faded into fog and disappeared. Then gradu-

ally and slowly the circulatory system came into view, a network of veins like the web of a spider.

"I was looking at the tip of the first finger of the right hand. And now, as the blood became more and more distinct, I changed the object glass of my microscope for a stronger one, and with that brought into the field one section of one minute vessel. It needed but a glance to assure me that the machine was in perfect order. There were the outer walls of the vein, and within, like coins in a groove, were the disk-like corpuscles, not as I had often seen them, moving slowly along their way, but stopped, set in their places, still, as machinery is still when the engine is dead.

"I examined closely, and was about to abandon my investigations, finding nothing, when I happened to notice that all the corpuscles were arranged in one certain way. It was such an unusual thing that it attracted my attention. Instead of the red and white corpuscles being mixed together as they usually are, without any order or sequence, all those within the field of the microscope were as accurately ordered as though they had been arranged and put in place. They lay in series, three red disks clogged into a line, a short space, one white disk, two more reds and a long space, after which the same thing was repeated. It was a collection of groups of corpuscles, each group distinct from each other and each composed as I have stated."

I fancy that I started, for he quickly sketched the following:

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"It was thus that they were arranged," he said.

I did not look enlightened, for I saw nothing strange.

"Do you know what those are?" he asked, leaning forward excitedly. "They are the Morse code letters L and A, and together form the abbreviation for the name Lapham, which we always used in designating him whenever we had occasion to put his name on the wire. Sir, there were no foreign or poisonous manifestations in her blood, but in all her veins, in all her body, I found the corpuscles arranged that way. What significance has it? I am not a psychologist. I cannot explain, but you will readily recognize the condition confronting us.

"We are reduced to an alternative. When I entered the room she was either dead or in a comatose condition. If she was dead,

the sending of the partial message can only be explained on spiritualistic grounds, or on the theory that the subliminal self, which in our family is probably telegraphic, was temporarily roused to action by the touch of the finger upon the button. In that case, it would not be imagining vainly to suppose that the whole material fabric was concentrated in the expression to which it was giving utterance, and such concentration would very naturally involve the fundamental elements of life, the blood among the first.

"On the other hand, if she was not dead, the same reasoning holds good. Given the concentration which certainly must have been present, add but the hand slipping from the chair arm and sender the instant the name of the murderer was to be transmitted, and when the whole system was charged with the symbol, and the identical situation here produced might not be impossible."

He stopped abruptly, absently raised his dead cigarette to his lips, drew on it once or twice, and, looking at me languidly, said:

"I see that you follow me. You now have the entire narrative preliminary to the premeditation. I can only add that when I announced to Lapham my intention of shooting, primal fear shone in his eyes and his thickening tongue stuttered a feeble 'God, how did you find it out?' That is the entire story, and as I said, you will recognize the absolute inutility of it all as evidence."

"There is one thing more," I said, "What caused her death?"

The keeper was moving nearer, and to avoid being overheard he leaned over and whispered in my ear. I was astonished.

"How did he know of that?" I asked. "It is most unusual."

"I don't know," he said, "but it can be done that way."

And that is why I defended Dr. Forbes. After his conviction, I intended to let him go before the court and tell his story, and thereby save his neck, and get himself incarcerated in the insane asylum but, unfortunately, the night after he was pronounced guilty he was found dead in his cell. The doctors said, in another burst of medical candor, that they did not know the cause of death, but were inclined to suspect the heart.

The Great Power.*

BY HENRY OYEN.

OF course, there is no reason why you should believe this story. Judging by all rational standards, the tale is quite impossible in this day and age. If the Society for the Discovery and Exploitation of Psychical Phenomena ever has it brought to its attention it may stop and ponder awhile. Otherwise, it is expected to meet with little credence.

You can hear the story told almost any sunny day, if you will linger in the little 'dobe squares or along the roads that are in the vicinage of Ildefonse, where the air is so dry and light that there is nothing to breathe for, and there is sun, and sun, and the only material things are the dark, clear-cut shadows on the light sand. Sometimes you will hear it in the sleepy, drone-toned patois of the peon; another time it will be in the matter-of-fact tone of the white citizen. But always, always, whether it be Gringo or Mexicano who opens his heart and tells you the story, it will be accompanied by such apology as opens this tale: "Of course you will scoff, señor, but it is all the truth."

San Miguel — a hundred dirty, red 'dobe houses, an old mission, and a great square — lies to the south and west of Ildefonse, on the very edge of the never-changing desert of yellow sands. At Ildefonse there are boards and sidewalks, and some of the houses have even floors in them; but at Miguel this is all left behind and there is only the atmosphere of the old 'dobes with the clay floors, the crumbling mission, and absolutely naught to suggest the year or the century.

Bradley, the northern doctor, came to Miguel because of many things, according to the people of the village. He was a bank robber, this blue-eyed man of the North; he had killed a man;

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he had weak lungs; he was there to write of the old mission; to let the modern world of the eastern and northern states know how near they were to the seventeenth century and the miracles of the church. So said the people, and Bradley laughed.

The reason for Bradley's presence in Miguel was quite inconsequential and trivial. Miguel was two hundred miles from the railroad. So Bradley came.

There was peace and rest, long sunny days and cool nights, during which there was nothing to do but sit in a long chair and soak in the joy of living, and this is what Bradley needed. But the fact which is of importance is that it was at Miguel that Bradley met Meta.

Bradley had dreamed of Meta for the better half of his life. He had dreamed of her while a boy at school; she had followed him through his medical studies, to Germany, where his education was completed, and all through the rest of his thirty-one years. He went to balls where the women were by all accorded the palm for beauty and found himself wondering why none of them were like Meta. He was entirely practical, was Bradley, but Meta was in his dreams for a good share of the time, else he would have been married long ago.

When she looked out of a wide-windowed 'dobe court and laughed, Bradley knew why he had come to Miguel.

There was no need for an introduction. He knew her at once; she knew him. It was as if they had walked together for much of their lives.

"Meta," said Bradley after her. Her voice was the voice of the Dream Meta.

"My heart's heart," said Meta, in the extravagant phrases of her people. And they laughed. Bradley was holding her hand. And Bradley knew then that for him there was no longer any trail that led back to the North. There was nothing any more, save the lazy sun, the clear-cut shadows, the drowse of the 'dobes, — and Meta.

This discovery in itself was nothing so remarkable, for many a man of the North has found in the eyes of the girls of Meta's people that for which he searched long and vainly among the maids of his own North. Many men have done so — and forgotten.

Bradley was different. Bradley established himself permanently in Miguel. Bradley was a doctor, and there was scope for doctors in and around this part of the land.

Bradley practised little. Wherein was there sense of hurrying and worrying to build up a practice that would yield a professional reputation and eventually riches, when here, in a sun-washed land of bright colors, was ease and content with little price of purchase? Why work, when in the end there was nothing, after all, save Meta? It was delightfully simple. This feeling comes quickly to men in the sand land.

In the daytime Bradley was one of the few Americanos of the new quarter of the town as a matter of form. He dressed for dinner and kept his face clean and his clothes white. But when the shadows of the 'dobe houses grew long in the plaza and the cool hush of night called the people from within the doors, Meta and her lover sat on the roof bench of the 'dobe house and communed in the tongue which is peculiar neither to Saxon or Castilian. Sometimes Meta sang the love songs of her own tongue, and then the people on the roofs two houses away heard a strong, subdued voice go haltingly through the chorus. Sometimes Bradley sang, sometimes "Forever," and again "Vanity." But whoever it was that sang, the song had to do with the same theme; it was Them, only two of them, for whom the world was made — there were only two people in the universe worth a single moment's thought.

Then, one day, Bradley was called away to professional duty, and Meta was left alone to wait for the return of her lover. It was to Sangre De Cristo that Bradley went. Sangre De Cristo is on the other side of the untrailed desert from Miguel. The road around is five days long, and no man was there alive who could say he had journeyed through the sands since the wells were dried up.

There was a distemper of some kind at Sangre De Cristo. Was it possible that it was the Little Plague? Pray the good saint whose picture hung on the mission wall that it was not. But would the great doctor from the North come with his great wisdom and bag of medicines to look upon the faces of the sick at Sangre De Cristo and make them well? It was the old padre who sent the word. The professional instinct was developed strong in Bradley.

"I must go, dear heart," he said to Meta. "It will not be long. If you need me, call for me, and I will hear; I know I will."

The conditions at Sangre De Cristo were much worse than the messenger had told. There was much fever there, the people were stark with fright, and the sanitation was awful. Bradley had enough of the northern energy left to do many things in a short time. He divided the people of the village into two classes — the sound and the unsound. He commissioned the venerable padre as chief nurse, and devoted himself to the simplified problem of preventing one class from falling ill, and keeping the other from dying with too great a frequency.

But the peons were slow to think and slower to act. They were safe now. Of course, the señor of The Medicines was here. They had no further concern in the matter, the señor be blessed a thousand times. So they resigned themselves, like children, to the care of Bradley. Bradley was almost alone, for the padre was old and feeble. It was a week before he had affairs adjusted so that he might sleep with an easy conscience. It was a week later before the people were whipped into such shape that it was worth the Doctor's while to take off his clothes when going to sleep. Then he retired to his bed in the old mission to gather up two weeks' lost sleep in one night.

Possibly there was something in the quiet blue night air of the old mission house, the air of rest and sleep in walls three hundred years old, that oppressed Bradley. Perhaps there was something in the wind that came over the yellow sands from Miguel. Bradley found himself sitting upright in the middle of the night, uncertain whether he had slept or not. He was talking to himself and his first conscious words were: "That cursed messenger!"

The plague was at Miguel, and he was cursing the man who bore the message of the padre. The man must have been infected himself. The thing was all clear to Bradley. It had not come to him with a shock. He but awoke and knew that the fact was impressed upon his mind. He was perfectly wide-awake, sane, and in possession of his senses. He knew positively, the plague was at Miguel, and he arose and dressed hurriedly, for the message of the night was thumping in his head and Meta was among

the stricken. It all came to him in the little 'dobe room as plainly as if it had been spoken, and he was not surprised in the least.

Bradley was a confirmed scoffer at matters spiritualistic. His professional education had made this certain. He was eminently practical, but there was no denying a thing such as this. The plague was at Miguel and Meta was stricken. It was as if some one had entered the room, spoken the news quietly, and departed, leaving naught behind him to show that he had been there but the memory of the words.

"But, señor, how do you know this?" gasped the padre. "There is no messenger, and we have no despatch wire strung thus far."

"Never mind, Father," said Bradley; "get me a horse and get it for me quick."

"But, señor, you cannot go so, alone, with only one horse. The way around the mountain is long and hard."

"Get me the horse; I'm in a hurry." The little padre bustled around patiently. He was not to be denied, this man in a hurry.

Bradley took a bottle of water, a piece of dried meat, his little bag, and mounted.

"Be good, Padre," he called out, sharply.

"Adios, my son, may the good saints ride with you," answered the old priest. But he called out in anguish when Bradley turned his horse's head out on the yellow sands straight toward Miguel.

The evening of the second day a man, gray and drawn, came staggering into the plaza of Miguel. The people clustered around, discussing with many motions and in excited tones the sickness which had stricken their people, just as Bradley knew they would be.

"Señor!" they called. The man looked up, and they saw it was the face of the northern doctor, with years of age suddenly added to it.

"Señor, señor, the blessed saints are truly good! The plague is here! We sent a messenger for you but yesterday — but you are here ere he could have reached you. What — "

Bradley had never stopped. He knew they were babbling at him and blessing him as their savior, but he kept on, straight to

the sick bed in the house with the roof bench. SHE was there, and ill, just as he knew she would be. She looked up and smiled happily.

"I called for you, my heart," she said, weakly.

"And I heard, I heard you," replied the practical-minded Bradley.

. . . . . .

"But, señor, how did you come?" queried an old man. "Not surely by the road around the mountain, for that is a five-days' ride and she was stricken but yesterday — at sundown. And from the desert you — "

"From the desert I came," said Bradley.

"Not from Sangre De Cristo?"

"From Sangre De Cristo."

"But señor, it is a three-days' ride, and you must have water every twelve hours."

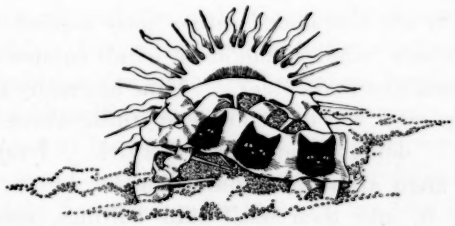
"I came in two days and part of one night," was Bradley's answer. "I watered — my horse and I — at Lagua de Cuato."

The villagers looked at each other and at Bradley, queerly.

"Señor," said one, softly, "there has been no water in Lagua de Cuato for four years."

"Señores," said Bradley, unhesitatingly, "I watered — I and my horse — there this morning."

But they went later and found the lake with its bottom powder dry, just as it had been for four years, with Bradley's horse dead in the gray dust — and it is that which makes the story so utterly impossible.



The Typewriter That Laughed.*

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS.

ERMAN BILLINGS inspected his new typewriter with all the fond pride of first ownership, and marvelled greatly that he had ever been able to do without it. The expressman set the case down carefully, remarking to the young author that "them Ollingtons is beauties, ain't they?" Billings cheerfully assented, removing the cover and placing the shining contrivance of keys and bars upon his table. He tried it cautiously, almost reverently, for a few very slow lines. It worked; he could work it. Jumping up, he hastened to the door across the hall, and knocked excitedly. "Oh, Miss Andrews," he exclaimed, when his old and best friend appeared, "I've got my new Ollington. You must come right in and see it." Now it did not at all suit the convenience of the young lady to come in and inspect the new typewriter just then, but she nevertheless said she would be delighted, after the deceitful manner of womankind, which says it is delighted when it means it would rather see you in —— well, Kalamazoo. There stood the machine on Billings's table, brave in all its fresh glory of new japan and nickelplate, and the girl, who during the week of labor was the private secretary of a prominent business man, gazed at it with curiosity and said it looked just as hers did when it was new.

"Oh, no, you are mistaken," rather hotly replied Herman, annoyed that his new wonder should be at all comparable with an Ollington at least five years older. "Mine has many new improvements — things even you don't know anything about."

"Is that so?" demurely answered the girl. "I rather flattered myself that I knew all about the machine."

"Well, try it, and then see," said Billings, somewhat pom-

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pously. "If you don't find some things on it you never saw before and didn't know about, I'm very much mistaken."

Miss Andrews smiled again, sat down to the machine, slipped in a sheet of blank paper, and to test her speed on the new beauty, began to rattle off the familiar "*Now is the time for all good men,* etc.," glancing over her shoulder at Billings, who stood by smiling. Scarcely had she touched the keys when the apartment echoed with a boisterous laugh. The girl heard it, flushed, and desperately increased her speed, as though she thought Billings laughed at her slowness; but as she quickened the pace of her flying fingers, the laugh grew louder and more vulgarly boisterous. Her cheeks crimson, she sprang from her chair, and faced him with tears in her eyes. "You're horrid!" she cried hysterically, a most curious inflection in her voice. "And I was trying to see how fast your machine was!" She sobbed audibly, and Billings stared at her in dumb amazement, scarcely able to credit his senses. "Why don't you say something?" she snapped. "Have you no apology to make?" and she swept angrily out of the room.

Long after she had gone poor Herman stood stock still, like a frozen man, his uncertain gaze wandering from the machine to the door she had just quitted, and then to the door down the hall, which he could see was partly open. A muffled sound, like weeping, reached him, and he jammed his hat over his eyes and plunged down the stairs, going to the nearest café to think the thing over. He certainly had not laughed at *her;* he was quite sure he had not laughed at all. It sounded to him as if the noisy mirth were in the room, but it must have come in through the opened windows, as there certainly had been no one in the apartment but himself and the girl. Long and earnestly he wrestled with the problem, but at last, coming to the conclusion that he was in no way to blame for what had happened, knocked again at her door, cursing himself for a blockhead and a ninny that he had not made better use of his opportunity. While she was standing there sobbing, he could easily have gathered her into his strong embrace, and held her close and whispered his love in her ear, and told her how absolutely absurd and impossible it was to imagine even that he could be ridiculing or laughing at her. Were not her sweet eyes and flying fingers and dainty self his main inspira-

tion? Was it not she who had given him the idea which had enabled him to claim the first page poem in the best magazine of the day; and did he not in some measure owe all his success to her, talented though he knew himself to be? All this sped rapidly through his mind as he waited for an answer to his knock. None came, and he grew impatient. He gave their peculiar signal, six soft raps; two, and two, and two. The whistling in the front room stopped, and he rapped once more, whereupon it went merrily on again. He turned away and went back into his own rooms, heavy-hearted and disgusted with himself and the world in general. Slamming the cover on his new pet without so much as looking at it, he ambled around the room as aimlessly as any stray cat. He sat down and tried to read; no use. He tried to finish up his great sonnet on the immaculateness of beauty; he wrote drivel which even he recognized as such. He squirmed, he writhed, and, as night fell, went out to his dinner more thoroughly disgruntled than ever before. Meeting a friend and having a good meal somewhat restored his equanimity, and, more than half convinced that he had been dreaming illusions and silliness, he went back and sat down to work, determined that it was merely a mischance, and that in the morning he could explain it away satisfactorily.

He gathered up some loose pages of manuscript and prepared to copy them on the machine, remarking as he slipped the paper into the typewriter how much better the copy would look than the original, and how much better a chance it would have of selling quickly. He began very slowly and carefully, and the title line went off beautifully. He stopped to admire it before going to the body of the text. The type was clear and bold, the alignment perfect. Another line was done, and he went a bit faster, thinking only of his work, when a curious sort of puffing made him stop. It had a peculiarly asthmatic sound, and he looked under the table to see if there could be any stray cat or dog there. Convinced that he must have been mistaken, he began to write again, and as this time his practiced fingers, long used to a rented machine, tapped the keys, an unmistakable chuckle reached him. Instinctively he quickened his speed, and the chuckle became a laugh. He was writing a parody on Holmes's lines, "I wrote some lines once on

a time, In wondrous merry mood," and the weird laughter seemed not merely uncanny but positively fiendish. He stopped; so did the laugh. Desperately he tried again, very slowly. No sound followed but the asthmatic puffing. He made a careful tour of his three rooms, searching high and low, but finding nothing. Once more he began, and once more as he increased his speed the chuckle came and was followed by the laughter he had heard that afternoon. Faster and faster went his flying fingers, and louder and louder roared the laughter, until it became a hoarse guffaw that might have come from the burly throat of a negro levee roustabout. His hair stood up and the cold perspiration dripped down his face. He heard the familiar step of Miss Andrews in the hall, and without waiting upon ceremony, rushed out, his eyes bulging, and seized her by the arm. "I didn't laugh at you!" he exploded. "The thing laughs whenever I touch it. Come!" He almost dragged the bewildered young woman into his rooms and up to the littered table where the machine stood in quiet, amiable, shining respectability. He sat down at the keyboard and began to write. "Listen!" he cried. The keys tapped rhythmically, at a slow speed at first, and then faster and faster, the puffing click being succeeded by the chuckle and that by the throaty laugh.

He looked up at Miss Andrews, to find her staring at the machine and himself with a very red face, her eyes watery. She evidently was laboring under very strong emotion. In an instant his boyish good nature was uppermost, and he rose from his seat trying to think how he should ask her not to mind, when she suddenly burst out: "You poor boy! I was hateful to you this afternoon, and you were not to blame after all. Is the machine bewitched?"

"I don't know and I don't care, so long as you are not angry any more. I couldn't imagine what was the matter this afternoon, but you see plainly that there is something wrong about the thing. I didn't have anything to do with it. Try it again."

She took off her wrap, and for an hour they experimented with the amazing typewriter, getting all the variations of laughter out of the wonderful keyboard that human ingenuity could suggest, and becoming more and more perplexed with each test. Herman lifted the machine up and they turned it upside down, tested each

apparently hollow space in its frame and legs, unscrewed mysterious levers, and strewed cams, cogs, eccentrics and springs upon the table and even on the floor in their endeavor to find out where the laugh came from, but in vain. Apparently the mystery was unsolvable. There was certainly nothing about the mechanism or apparatus that could possibly lead to any solution of the problem. Not a single suspicious or useless part did they find, and finally, when, begrimed with oil and ink, they parted for the night, Herman declared he would not have the uncanny thing in the house another day, but would send it back to the makers the next morning.

He did, and not only did he send the machine back, but he went to the office of the great firm and told them his story. The manager looked at him earnestly for a moment; then he asked for the sales book. He saw that one Herman Billings had ordered and paid cash for a first-grade special machine the day before. "Evidently a good customer, one worth humoring," thought the manager silently, "but as crazy as a loon." The more Herman explained, the more angry and irritable he grew, and on the suggestion of the manager that he demonstrate the wonderfully loquacious propensities of the machine, he promptly said he would if it had arrived. A boy was soon up from the storeroom with it, and set the laughing machine down on the manager's desk. That individual tried it, Billings watching him with eager eyes and ears. Not a sound but the regular and ordinary clicking of the keys was to be heard. Herman tried it, his face anxious and his teeth set. He realized that the slightly contemptuous smile on the manager's face and the circle of grinning clerks meant disbelief and ridicule, and he had no wish to make any crazier appearance than his amazing statement had already given him. He started with a furious attack upon the same old standard line always used for practice. The machine worked true and fast, as became the product of the greatest makers of writing machines in the world, but there was no laughter. The keys tapped hard and fast, the platen moved with its usual click as he spun the paper up, the carriage rolled along as noiselessly as ball bearings could make it go. The test was a failure. Herman's face was a study. He certainly had not dreamed his former experience. He merely shut his lips tight

and stared at the puzzling mechanism for a moment in silence. The manager remarked drily that he must have been mistaken, or possibly he had been out — er — out to dine, before he tried to use it? Billings replied indignantly that he was not the only one who had heard the amazing performance, and added in a very stiff tone that as a machine which laughed at one when one was trying to write on it could scarcely be called a model, he would have to ask that the company exchange it and give him another. To this the manager assented, and had a new machine brought out, a duplicate of the "laughing fiend," as Herman called it. Both men wrote easily, rapidly, slowly, on the substitute, and Herman departed satisfied, sure at last that he now possessed a machine which would do his fingers' bidding and play him no scurvy tricks or jeopardize his chances with Daisy Andrews.

To be entirely sure of himself and of the new machine, he asked her to come in that evening when it had arrived, and try it as she had tried the first, exacting a solemn promise before she sat down to the keyboard, however, that if anything did happen, she would not hold him responsible or get angry. She promised with a rather forced laugh, and sat down, replying that if he had tried the machine himself there could be no doubt. In spite of his assurance, he felt a dreadfully sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach as she touched the first key, and when, a few seconds later as she speeded up her work, and the same hideous, nightmare laughter chuckled forth from the keys in maddening rhythm, he sank back on the couch almost fainting, and Daisy fled hurriedly, with a single cry of what seemed to Herman choking agony. As he wearily shut the door after her, he could hear from her room the same unmistakable sounds of grief that had assailed his ears the day before. It was in vain to speculate upon the reasons why he should thus be tormented, and why an innocent girl, the dearest creature in the world, should be made to suffer with him. He could only believe that some mysterious power had hypnotized himself or her or the inanimate machine, or both. Suddenly the idea occurred to him to see if the number of the new machine was the same as that upon the machine he had tried that afternoon in the warerooms and found perfect. The faint gleam of hope raised by this idea was quickly dashed, and after another futile struggle

between man and machine, in which the eldritch laughter was ever uppermost, he gave it up in despair and went to bed, dreaming all night long of the dreadful sounds that came from across the hall, and which tortured him even more than his own worries.

As the days passed the mystery in no wise abated. It wore upon him frightfully. The machine did its work properly and neatly; he had no fault to find with it in that way. But that terrible, mocking laughter was impish, horrible, excruciating. He wrote a story telling of his misadventure, the machine laughing at him grimly all the time he was working at it, and when a big check came with a request for another such good "freak" story, the machine laughed again, with a grating accent, as he acknowledged it and thanked the editor. He worked desperately, and saw nothing more of Daisy, until one evening she came upon him unannounced through the open door, and tried to cheer him up. The girl noticed with real pity how thin and pale he had grown, and how hard he was working. She warned him to go easy and not try to do too much; to try not to worry about the machine, that things would certainly come right in the end. Herman looked at her suspiciously and shook his head. The machine would be the death of him, he said, and then, well——. She waved aside the uncompleted sentence and vanished, but when, a few days later, the presence of a white-capped, aproned nurse in the hall between their apartments told her he was ill, she went in again. Herman was very ill indeed, and the girl cried bitterly, her pretty head resting upon one of his unconscious hands on the coverlid. When she raised her head again he was smiling feebly, and she blushed hotly as she remembered the words she had uttered half unconsciously, thinking him in a stupor. He raised his arm with difficulty, and passed it about her shoulders. She made no resistance. "Daisy," he whispered, his eyes shining, "I love you!" For answer she kissed him, and he dropped asleep almost instantly.

From that day Herman recovered rapidly, with the faithful Daisy assisting his hospital nurse, and watching over him like a second mother, her very soul in her work of love. He grew despondent as he became stronger again, and bothered her every day to know if the machine still persisted in laughing when she

tried it, and the poor girl, being compelled to answer truthfully, would shake her head and beg him in vain not to worry about it. He insisted, however, and declared that he might as well die then as any time; for if they were to be bothered all their lives by that horrible mockery, life was not worth living; but Daisy, making allowances for his weakened condition, merely petted him and took care to see that he became daily more like the strong and healthy man he had been before the ill-starred typewriter upset him.

At last the invalid was able to sit up, and a few days later was ordered out to get the air, the doctor declaring that all the physicians in the world were of less use than his new nurse, and that Herman needed nothing but to be well taken care of all the rest of his life. The kindly old fellow chuckled and helped his patient out into the street, leaving him to go as he pleased. Still weak and listless, Herman did not venture far, and even so reached the house again thoroughly exhausted. As he stopped at the door he noticed a large van standing before it, and in a moment an expressman appeared, carrying a very familiar looking saratoga. Herman stared, a new fear gripping his heart. To make sure, he examined the end of the trunk carefully, rubbing his eyes to make sure it was not all a dream. It was real enough. There were the two initials, the great "D. A.", plain and large. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Forgetting for the moment his weakness, he went rapidly up the stairs, to find her rooms completely dismantled, the doors flung wide open, and a man most unceremoniously hauling her luggage out into the hall, where another man was waiting to take it down to the van below in the street. Dazed and hurt, and faint with the shock and his exercise, he opened his own door. Beneath it lay a note in her handwriting. He made his slow way painfully to the couch and tore the envelope open with shaking fingers. The message was brief and to the point. It read:

DEAR:—

I am going away. I cannot marry you because I deceived you. The typewriter *was* bewitched, and I knew it all the time. Some of your friends thought your success had turned your head and made you too sure of yourself, so they planned to play a practical joke upon you when you bought the new typewriter. They got a man in Ollington's to fix up a talking-machine disc in the *bottom board* of the machine. They let me in because they were sure I'd enjoy the joke, and to have

some one to see how you took it. You could not hear anything wrong when you tried the machine in the offices because it had no bottom board there, and the manager imagined you were crazy. At first I thought it was a good joke too, but then I did not know I cared. I *didn't* care until I saw how thin and pale you were getting, and then I wanted to stop it, but the boys refused to let me. Now I must pay the penalty. Can you forgive me? I really didn't mean to let it go so far. You cannot find me, but I want to think you have forgiven

DAISY.

The sick man read and read again the letter. When he had mastered its amazing contents he gave a whoop in a voice not much unlike an Indian yell, tore the cover off his machine, hastily lifted it from the baseboard, and kicked that innocent-looking bit of carefully hollowed-out oak into a score of fragments with exclamations of much joyous profanity, and crumpled the brass perforated disc within it, which had worked as he tapped the keys, into an unrecognizable mass on the floor. The expressman stood in the door staring at the strange performance. Herman caught sight of him as he finished his orgy of destruction. "Hey," he yelled, an idea suddenly striking him; "where are those trunks going?"

The knight of the checks grinned sourly. He was not entirely certain what sort of a lunatic stood before him, and he hesitated; the crazy man might try to stamp on him next. "Dunno as it's any o' your business," he remarked at last, his uncertain gaze vacillating between the brass pulp and the boot-heel that had made it. "Ask the lady."

Herman laughed joyously. "I will," he answered.

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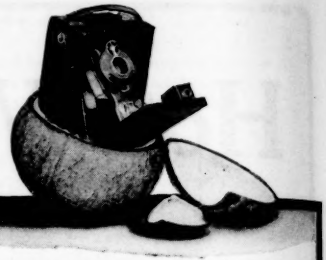

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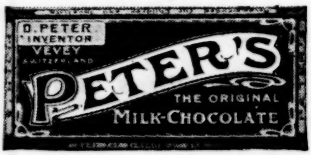

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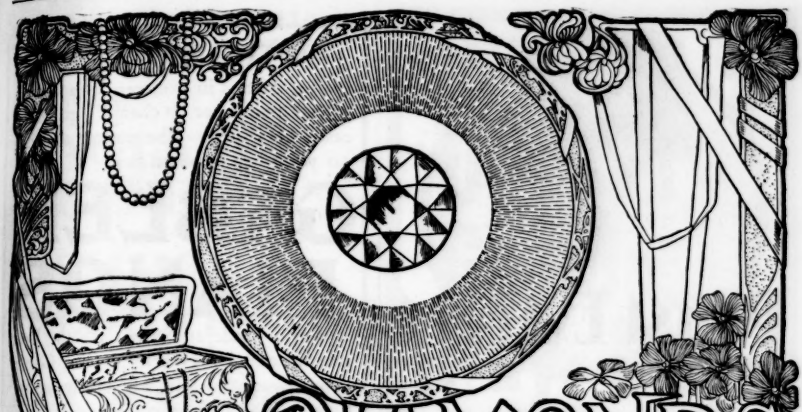

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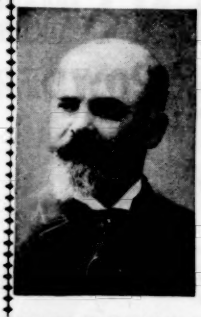

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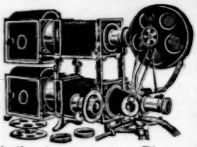

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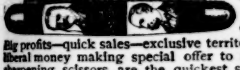

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The Story of Kornit

Satisfactory Progress in Our Kornit Factory

Every Department Being Rushed to its Fullest Capacity

BIG PROFITS MAKE BIG DIVIDENDS

The Kornit Manufacturing Company is receiving letters and calls by almost every mail from different manufacturers who wish to buy KORNIT to use in their business. One rubber manufacturer in Newark, where our factory is situated, told Mr. Emanuel, our factory manager, the other day, that he was just as anxious as we were to have the time come when we could sell him all the KORNIT he needed, for it would save him many thousands of dollars every year by using KORNIT instead of hard rubber. I feel assured that we will have a market for KORNIT just as fast as we can produce it. Here is indeed what I consider one of the best opportunities to make an investment, which will pay enormous dividends, that will ever be presented to you.

A FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITY

By Pres. Chas. E. Ellis

KORNIT was invented by JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, a subject of the Czar of Russia, residing at Menkenhof, near Lievenhof, Russia, and is a Homogeneous Horn or Hoof substance. Kornit is produced by grinding horn and hoof shavings and waste into a palpable powder and then pressing under heavy hydraulic pressure with heat into a homogeneous slab. This slab produces a substance which can be sawed or turned the same as ordinary wood. It is of a beautiful black consistency and IS EXTREMELY VALUABLE as a NON-CONDUCTOR FOR ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES. It is a matter of record that the electrical industry in this country AT THIS TIME DOES NOT HAVE a satisfactory material for heavy or high insulating purposes. A slab of Kornit one inch thick was tested in Trenton, New Jersey, by the Imperial Porcelain Works and was FOUND TO HAVE RESISTED 96,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY. It may be interesting to note here that the heaviest voltage which is transmitted in this country is between Niagara, Buffalo and Lockport, New York. The voltage transmitted by this company is between 40,000 and 50,000 volts. Kornit is equally as good as a non-conductor for electrical purposes and supplies as is hard rubber.

The average price of hard vulcanized rubber for electrical purposes is to-day considerably over one dollar per pound—at the present writing something like $1.25 per pound.

KORNIT CAN BE SOLD AT TWENTY-FIVE

CENTS PER POUND, and AN ENORMOUS profit can be made at this price, so that it CAN EASILY BE SEEN that where KORNIT is EQUALLY AS GOOD, and AS A MATTER OF FACT, in many instances, a BETTER non-conductor than hard rubber, it can compete in every case where it can be used with great success on account of its price. For electrical panel boards, switchboards, fuse boxes, cut-outs, etc., there are other materials used, such as vulcanized paper fibre, slate, marble, etc. A piece of vulcanized paper fibre, 3x4x1 inch, in lots of 1,000, brings 20 cents per piece. A piece of Kornit of the SAME DIMENSIONS could be sold with the ENORMOUS PROFIT OF OVER 100 PER CENT. at ten cents. The absorptive qualities of Kornit render it such that IT IS FAR PREFERABLE to that of vulcanized fibre. It will not maintain

MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, THE INVENTOR OF KORNIT, IN HIS SUMMER GARDEN AT MENKENHOF, RUSSIA

a flame. Of all the materials which are now in the electrical market for supplies and insulators there is, as we have stated above, none that are satisfactory. Kornit will fill this place. Its tensile strength per square inch averages from 1,358 pounds to 1,811 pounds, which the reader can readily see IS MORE THAN SATISFACTORY. This test was made by a well-known electrical engineer, who is now acting in that capacity for the United States Government with a Standard Riehle Bros. testing machine.

Waste horn and whole hoofs are being sold by the ton to-day principally only for fertilizing purposes. There is one town alone, Leominster, Mass., where they have an average of eight tons of horn shavings every day. These waste horn shavings are now only being sold for fertilizing material. These eight tons of horn shavings manufactured into Kornit and sold for electrical purposes would easily bring $3,000. At this price it would be selling for less than one-fifth of what hard rubber would cost, and about one-half what other competitive materials would sell for, even though they would not be as satisfactory as Kornit.

Kornit has been in use in Russia about four years. In Riga, Russia, which is the largest seaport town of Western Russia, the Electrical Unions there are using Kornit with the greatest satisfaction, finding it preferable to any other insulating material.

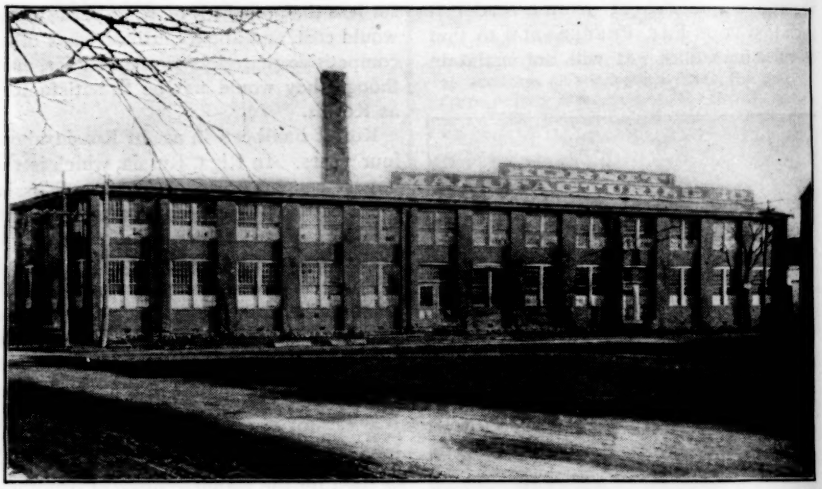
The expense of manufacturing Kornit from the horn shavings is not large, as the patentee, Mr. Bierich, has invented an economical and satisfactory process which produces an article that, in the near future, will be used in the construction of almost every building in this country.

Besides electrical insulators, Kornit can be used for the manufacturing of furniture, buttons, door handles, umbrella, cane, knife and fork handles, brush and sword handles, revolver handles, mirror backs, picture frames, toilet accessories, such as fancy glove boxes, jewel cases, glove stretchers, shoe lifts, etc.; office utensils, such as paper knife and pen holders, ink stands, pen racks; medical instruments, such as syringes, ear trumpets, etc., etc.; pieces for games, such as draughts, chessmen, dominoes, checkers, counters, chips, cribbage boards, etc.; telephone ear pieces, stands, etc.; piano keys, typewriter keys, adding machine and cash register keys, tea trays, ash trays, scoops, mustard and other spoons, salad sets, cigar and cigarette cases, cigar and cigarette holders, match boxes, and

hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles, all at a large and remunerative profit.

THE GREAT DEMAND FOR KORNIT IN THIS COUNTRY

THERE is one manufacturer ALONE here in New York that uses 60,000 square feet of insulating material for panel boards every year. He is now using slate and marble, but IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY, for the reason that in boring and transportation IT BREAKS SO EASILY. those in charge can turn certain lights on or off, and by these panel boards all the electrical power in the building is controlled. They must be of a reliable non-conducting material. Kornit can be used for this purpose almost exclusively. The largest electrical manufacturing concerns in Riga, Russia, ARE USING KORNIT ONLY FOR THIS PURPOSE, after having tried all other so-called non-conducting compositions. The electrical trades alone can consume a great many tons of Kornit every day in the year. If only two tons of Kornit is manufactured and sold every working day in the year IT WILL ENABLE THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY TO PAY



KORNIT FACTORY, NEWARK, N. J. (BELLEVILLE STATION)

KORNIT WILL ANSWER THE PURPOSE OF MANUFACTURING PANEL BOARDS VERY MUCH MORE SATISFACTORILY. On 60,000 square feet of Kornit there would be a net profit of over $30,000, or 50 cents for every square foot used. THIS ONE EXAMPLE is cited to show you THE ENORMOUS PROFITS which can be made. There are a great many other panel and switchboard manufacturers in this country. You may be interested to know that a panel board is a small switchboard. There is one or more on every floor of all large buildings where electricity is used. They each have a number of switches mounted on them, so that

16 PER CENT. DIVIDENDS EVERY YEAR. Of course, if four tons a day are sold the dividends would be 32 per cent. per year. THIS IS NOT IMPROBABLE. AN EXPERT ELECTRICAL ENGINEER who holds one of the most responsible positions here in New York City made the statement, after thoroughly examining and testing Kornit for electrical purposes, that in his most conservative estimation there can be ten tons of manufactured Kornit sold every working day in the first year. This would mean that the Kornit Manufacturing Company would pay a dividend out of its earnings the first year of over seventy-five per cent.

75%). This is probably more than will be paid the first year, but there certainly seems to be a good prospect of paying a large dividend the first year.

THERE WILL BE SUCH AN ENORMOUS DEMAND FOR KORNIT AFTER IT BECOMES INTRODUCED THAT FROM YEAR TO YEAR THE DIVIDENDS EARNED WILL BECOME LARGER AND LARGER. THIS IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AN INVESTMENT THAT YOU HAVE EVER HAD.

It is a well-known fact that THE MOST LEGITIMATE AND PROFITABLE way to MAKE MONEY is by manufacturing some product that is "NECESSARY" and ONE THAT CAN BE FULLY CONTROLLED so that nobody else can manufacture the same article. Look at Sugar (which is protected by a high tariff); at Standard Oil, the Telephone, the Telegraph, and we might go on and enumerate many more monopolies. THEY ARE THE BIG MONEY MAKERS OF TO-DAY. KORNIT CANNOT BE MANUFACTURED BY ANYBODY IN THIS COUNTRY EXCEPT OURSELVES OR OUR AGENTS. We own all the patents issued by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT to the inventor, MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, IN RUSSIA. These patents HAVE BEEN BOUGHT from Mr. Bierich and ARE DULY TRANSFERRED TO THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the same is DULY RECORDED IN THE PATENT OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

WE HAVE A FINE FACTORY COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL

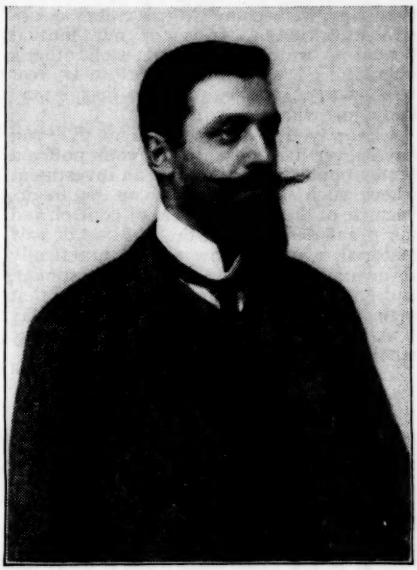
WE have a fine factory in Newark, N. J. (BELLEVILLE STATION), in a most excellent location, handy to the cars and also to the shipping. Our factory is entirely completed and we are manufacturing Kornit.

If you will carefully cast over in your mind and pick out twenty of the wealthiest people you personally know you will find in each case that it is a fact that years ago each one of these persons, or their ancestors, learned how to make a little money do a whole lot of work, and that now they and their children reap the benefit in a golden harvest.

You can do the same. Only you must make a beginning. Here is a Financial Opportunity. Take advantage of it now—not to-morrow, but right now, to-day. You are making money. Why not invest a little and later on reap the benefit? It is the wise thing to do, and the wise and thoughtful people who are doing it are the ones that live in ease.

This is one of the important epochs in *my life*, and I firmly believe in the history of the manufacturing business in this country.

MR. KURT BIERICH, the son of the inventor, who is a graduate of FREIBURG UNIVERSITY, GERMANY, arrived here from Russia, on the 12th of May, to take full charge of the scientific conducting of our factory. MR. KURT BIERICH spent two years in his father's factory at MENKENHOF, RUSSIA, and six months at the workshops in RIGA, RUSSIA, mastering every minute detail of the manufacturing and working departments. MR. BIERICH,



MR. KURT BIERICH, THE SON OF THE INVENTOR OF KORNIT, WHO ARRIVED HERE DIRECT FROM RUSSIA MAY 12, TO DEVOTE HIS ENTIRE TIME AT THE KORNIT FACTORY AT NEWARK (BELLEVILLE STATION), N. J.

JR., has been employed for six months recently in superintending the erection of a Kornit factory for the English company at Stoke Newington, N. London, WHICH HE BROUGHT TO COMPLETION IN THE MOST SATISFACTORY MANNER. MR BIERICH, JR., will have full charge of the KORNIT FACTORY IN THIS COUNTRY. KORNIT WILL QUICKLY BECOME A WELL-KNOWN AND UNIVERSALLY USED ARTICLE IN THE ELECTRICAL AND OTHER TRADES OF THIS COUNTRY, EARNING AND PAYING LARGE AND SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS EACH AND EVERY SIX MONTHS. A few shares obtained now may be the foundation for a fortune or the much desired income for support in the unknown years that are to come. We leave it to you if it would not seem good judgment to take immediate advantage of this opportunity. Anyway, please write me at once and let me know just what you will do. If it is not possible for you to take shares now, write and tell me how many you would like and how soon it will be convenient for you to do so, provided I will reserve them for you. As soon as I receive your letter I will answer it with A PERSONAL

LETTER AND WILL ARRANGE MATTERS AS YOU WISH TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY.

REMEMBER, I HAVE A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS INVESTED IN THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the minute you buy a share or more in this Company, we become CO-PARTNERS as CO-SHAREHOLDERS. It is for our mutual benefit to watch and guard each other's interests. I WILL BE GRATEFUL IF YOU WILL WRITE ME TO-DAY, so that I may know just what you will do.

I know you will agree with me that you have never had presented to your notice a better opportunity to make an investment where such large profits can be made, because of the exclusiveness of control, and the great demand and the low cost of raw material, which is now almost practically thrown away. Join me in this investment, and I assure you it is my sincere belief that in the future you will say: "That is the day I made the most successful move in my whole life."

MY OFFER TO YOU TO-DAY

THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey and is capitalized with 50,000 FULLY PAID NON-ASSESSABLE shares at $10 each. It is my intention to sell a LIMITED NUMBER ONLY OF THESE SHARES at the par value of $10 each. TEN DOLLARS WILL BUY ONE SHARE. TWENTY DOLLARS WILL BUY TWO SHARES. FIFTY DOLLARS WILL BUY FIVE SHARES. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WILL BUY TEN SHARES. ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, ONE HUNDRED SHARES, AND SO ON. After you have bought one or more shares in THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY you may feel as I do, that you have placed your savings WHERE THEY WILL DRAW REGULAR AND SATISFACTORY LARGE DIVIDENDS. The price of KORNIT shares will advance to at least twelve dollars per share in the near future.

I SHOULD NOT BE A BIT SURPRISED if these shares paid dividends as high as one hundred per cent in the not far distant future. Consequently, a few dollars invested now in the shares of the KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY will enable you in the future to draw a REGULAR INCOME from the large profits of the Company as they are earned. THE DIVIDENDS will be paid semi-annually, every six months, the first of May and November of each year. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST OPPORTUNITIES YOU WILL EVER HAVE PRESENTED TO YOU IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE-TIME. I HAVE INVESTED A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, AND I FEEL SURE IT IS ONE OF THE BEST INVESTMENTS I HAVE EVER MADE. I can TRUTHFULLY say to you that I FULLY BELIEVE that you will be more than pleased with your investment and that YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY. REMEMBER, that you here have an opportunity to become interested in a large industrial manufacturing concern manufacturing a product, with an exclusive monopoly, which HAS NEVER BEFORE been manufactured or sold in this country.

Remember, that it is by no means an experiment, as IT HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY MANUFACTURED AND SOLD FOR OVER FOUR YEARS IN RUSSIA AT A LARGE PROFIT, and the manufacturer and inventor recently wrote that the DEMAND IS INCREASING EVERY DAY, beyond the capacity of their manufacturing facilities.

Now is the time for you to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity to make an investment in these shares. I EARNESTLY BELIEVE that in a few years THESE SHARES WILL BE WORTH FROM FIFTY DOLLARS TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, on account of THE LARGE DIVIDENDS which the company will earn and regularly pay each and every six months. It is a well-known fact that shares that pay fifty (50) to one hundred (100) per cent. dividends will readily sell in the open market for $50 to $100. THE OUTLOOK FOR THE KORNIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY is such that it seems impossible for the earnings to fall far short of these figures. If the company only makes and sells two tons of Kornit a day for the first year, and made a profit of only two hundred dollars per ton, it would mean a profit of over sixteen per cent. (16%) the first year. If this business were doubled the second year, of course the earning capacity would double, and the dividends would be over thirty-two per cent. (32%). Prominent and well-known Electrical Engineers assure me that this product cannot help, and is bound to make enormous profits. I would recommend that you send for as many shares as you may wish at once. You, in my conservative opinion, can safely count on the large earning capacity of these shares. I will at once write you a personal letter with full information, and send you our illustrated book. "A Financial Opportunity," containing a score of photographs of the KORNIT industry, taken in Russia.

Please let me hear from you.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES E. ELLIS
PRESIDENT

719 Temple Court, New York City

[Mr. Ellis, besides being President of this company, is also President of two other large and successful companies, owning shares therein valued conservatively at over $250,000. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks, and mortgages to the amount of many more hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any bank or mercantile agency will tell you .... guarantee is as good as gold. THIS is a successful man who wishes you for a Co-partner, as a Shareholder and Dividend Receiver in this company. Remember you will do business personally with Mr. Ellis in this matter.]

Direct from our distillery to YOU

When you buy HAYNER WHISKEY, you get direct from the maker the purest and best whiskey that can be produced in one of the finest equipped distilleries in the world, after an experience of forty years.

When you buy HAYNER WHISKEY, you get a whiskey that has not passed through the hands of dealers, thus saving their big profits and avoiding all chance of adulteration.

When you buy HAYNER WHISKEY, you get at the distiller's price a whiskey that has no superior at any price, and yet it costs less than dealers charge for inferior adulterated stuff.

PURE HAYNER WHISKEY

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

OUR OFFER Send us $3.20, and we will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE or BOURBON, express prepaid. Open up one, two or all of the bottles. Give the whiskey a fair trial. Test it in any way you like. If it doesn't come up to your fullest expectations, if you don't find it exactly as represented; in fine, if you are not satisfied and don't want to keep it, send it back to us AT OUR EXPENSE and your $3.20 will be returned to you by next mail. How could any offer be fairer? Don't hesitate any longer to send us a trial order. Write our nearest office to-day—NOW—while you think of it.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of **4 QUARTS** for **$4.00** by **EXPRESS PREPAID**, or **20 QUARTS** for **$16.20** by **FREIGHT PREPAID**, by reason of the very much higher express rates to the far western states.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY,

Dayton, Ohio. St. Paul, Minn.
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Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866.

Schlitz

The Beer That Makes No Man Bilious.

"Makes me Bilious"

Is said of "green beer"—not of Schlitz.

Schlitz beer is aged in glass enameled steel tanks for months before it is marketed. Fermentation is finished long before you get it.

That is an apparent virtue. But the chief distinction of Schlitz is its purity — a virtue that you can't see. Yet the cost of that purity exceeds all other costs of our brewing.

Schlitz

Ask for the Brewery Bottling. See that the cork or crown is branded Schlitz.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.